

A  
Compleat KEY  
TO THE  
DISPENSARY

*Written by Sir SAMUEL GARTH, M. D.*

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The THIRD EDITION.

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To which are added,  
Above Sixty Lines omitted in the late  
Editions of that POEM.

ALSO  
Some POEMS of the same Author  
never before printed together.

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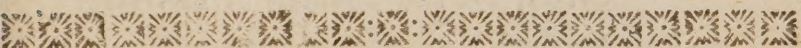
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A  
Compleat KEY  
TO THE  
DISPENSARY.



In the first COPY of VERSES  
To Dr GARTH upon the *Dispensary*.

Lin. 2.  I KE \* M——gue's could a  
just Piece sustain,

\* Charles Mountague, Lord  
Hallifax.

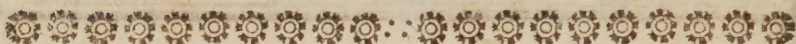
Lin. 15. When † S——rs Charming  
Eloquence.

† The Lord Somers, formerly Ld. Chancellor.

Lin. 20. *What* \* D——s can't condemn, nor † D——n  
mend.

\* *Dennis*, a sower, supercilious and ill-natur'd Critic and Poetafter.

† *Dryden*, a famous Poet.



In the Second COPY of VERSES, written  
by the late Colonel CODRINGTON, Go-  
vernor of the *Leeward Islands*.

Lin. 13. **T**HE Nymph has <sup>1</sup> G——n's <sup>2</sup> C——l's  
<sup>3</sup> C——l's Charms,

<sup>1</sup> The Duchess of *Grafton*.

<sup>2</sup> *Cecil's*, the late Countess of *Salisbury*.

<sup>3</sup> The Lady —— *Churchill*, one of the Duke  
of *Marlborough's* Daughters.

Lin. 22. *Lucretius*, *Horace*, <sup>1</sup> S —— d, <sup>2</sup> M —— ue,

<sup>1</sup> *John Sheffield*, Earl of *Mulgrave*, Mar-  
quis of *Normanby*, and Duke of *Bucking-*  
*ham*. The Works of this noble Peer were  
published in the Year 1723, under the In-  
spection of Mr *Pope*. Since re-printed in  
two Volumes 8<sup>o</sup>.

<sup>2</sup> *Montague*, Lord *Hallifax*.

Lin.



Lin. 27. *Facetious* <sup>1</sup> M—— and the City <sup>2</sup> B——

<sup>1</sup> *Mirmil Dr Gibbons.*

<sup>2</sup> *The City Bard. Sir Richard Blackmore.*

Lin. 36. *H——s*, Dr *Hans*.

Lin. 37. *R——e*, Dr *Ratcliffe*.

Lin. 39. *M——l's*, i. e. *Mirmil's*, Dr, *Gibbons*.

Lin. 42. *W——b*, the late *William Walsh*, Esq;

Lin. 43. To <sup>1</sup> *S——s* and <sup>2</sup> *D——t* too submit,

<sup>1</sup> *The Lord Somers.*

<sup>2</sup> *The late Earl of Dorset.*





## CANTO I.

Pag. Ver.

5. 2.



Reat Nassau, the late King  
WILLIAM, of GLO-  
RIOUS and IMMORTAL  
MEMORY.

8.

Why \* S\_\_\_\_\_ rages to  
survive Desire.

\* Scarsdale, the late Lord of that Name.

10. Whence Tropes to <sup>1</sup> F\_\_\_\_\_, or Impudence  
<sup>2</sup> S\_\_\_\_\_

<sup>1</sup> Finch, the late Lord Guernsey.

<sup>2</sup> Sloan, a late Lawyer, famous in West-  
minster-Hall for his Vociferation and Im-  
pudence.

Urim



Pag. Ver.

8. 16. *Urim was civil, &c.*

What *fiery Divine* is here meant by *Urim*, is easy to guess: 'tis but looking over the Lists of the *Prolocutors*, and of the *Pre-lates* that have fill'd the See of *Rochester*, and then consider which of them the Character of *Urim* fits best.

9. 16. *NASSAU*, the late King *WILLIAM*.



CANTO

## C A N T O II.

Pag. Ver.

16.

3.

† Heroine shall Albion's  
Scepter bear.† Queen ANNE, whose Tri-  
umphs shall ever shine in  
British Annals.

16.

13.

{

Colon ——— Mr Lee, an Apothecary.

17.

1.

{

—————

4.

{

Horoscope, Dr Barnard.

17.

{

—————

14. Find's Sense in \* Br ———, Charms in  
Lady † G ——— e.\* The late Sir William Brownlow. † Grace,  
the late Lady Grace Pierrepont.

19.

9.

Colon ——— Mr Lee.

10. Horoscope, Dr Barnard.

21.

1.

Squirt ——— Dr Barnard's Man.

2. Horoscope, Dr Barnard.


C A N T O



## CANTO III.

Pag. Ver.

25. 4. OLON ——— Mr Lee;

6.  And \* S ——— Works.\* Salmon, a late Quack  
Doctor, *Street.* fatigable  
Scribbler.

27. 21. Squirt, Dr Barnard's Man.

23. Horoscope, Dr Barnard.

28. 3. Magus, Dr Barnard.

29. 24. Squirt, Dr Barnard's Man.

28. Tyro's, Apprentices.

30. 14. *Diasenna*; either Mr *Dare* an Apothecary;  
or, according to others, Mr *Figge*, late  
Master of the *Apothecary's* Company.

For

Pag. Ver.

31. 23. For \* S——rs has the Seal, and † Nassau reigns.

\* Somers, the Lord Somers, late Lord Chancellor.

† Nassau, the late King *WILLIAM*.

32. 11. *Colocynthus*, Mr Baron, an Apothecary.

25. *Ruffel*, Mr. a famous Undertaker.

34. 14. *Ascarides*, Mr Bridges and Mr Parrot, two Apothecaries.



CANTO



## CANTO IV.

Pag. Ver.

39.

1.



*Requested Theatre: The Playhouse in Drury-Lane, near Covent-Garden.*

5.

*Bentley, a late Bookseller in Great Russel-Street.*

6. *Briscoe, another Bookseller, late of Covent-Garden, and formerly Mr Bentley's Apprentice.*

11. *When \* Bur——fs deafens all the list'ning Preffs.*

\* *Dr Burgefs, a famous Presbyterian Preacher.*

13. *Mysterious † F——n.*

† *Dr Freeman, late Rector of Covent Garden.*

40. 21. { *Mirmillo: Dr Gibbons of King-Street Co-*  
29. { *Garden.*

*Askaris*

Pag. Ver.

42. 6. Askaris: *Mr Parrot*, an Apothecary.
27. Querpo: *Dr How*.
43. 7. Carus; *Dr Tyson*, Physician of *Bedlam*.
44. 4. \* M—— *Works entire, and endless Reams of*  
 † B———m.
- \* *Dr Henry Moor's Works*.
- † B———m, *Mr Bloom* the late Editor of  
 Books by Subscription.
5. ——— neglected C——s: *Dr Collins*.
6. { Carus: *Dr Tyson*.
8. { ———
9. { Umbra: *Dr Cole*.
13. { ———
20. \* C——— a *Lycurgus*, and a *Phocian*:  
 † R———
- \* *Sir Henry Dutton Colt*, late Member of  
 Parliament for *Westminster*.
- † *Mr Anthony Rowe*.
24. Horoscope: *Dr Barnard*.
45. 1. { Vagellius: *Sir Barth. Shower*, a late Law-  
 12. { yer, famous for Declamation.
9. \* Or——d suspected, † D——b innocent.
- \* *The Earl of Orford*.
- † *The late Sir Charles Duncomb*.
17. Horoscope, *Dr. Barnard*.



Pag. Ver.

45. 23. *Arms meet with Arms, &c.* Verses quoted out of Dr *Blackmore's King Arthur*, and *Prince Arthur*.

46. 22. Read \* W——, consider † D—— well.

\* Mr *Wycherly*, a Poet famous for solid Wit and Sense.

† Mr *Dryden*, a late Poet, who will ever be famous for good Versification.

25. If \* D——'s *sprightly Muse*.

\* The late Earl of *Dorset*.

29. ——— *Tb' immortal Brows of* \* A——n.

\* Mr *Addison*.

47. 1. *Tuneful* C———ve : Mr *Congreve*, a Poet principally famous for his *Pastorals* and *Dramatic Writings*.

6. St——— : The late Mr *Stepney*.

7. P——— : Mr *Prior*, a Poet.

9. *Sequana* : the *Seine*, the River that runs thro' *Paris*.

16. M——ue's, *Mountague*, Lord *Hallifax*.

24. *Horoscope*, Dr *Barnard*.

Pag. Ver.

49. 10. *And each bright* \* Churchill of the *Galaxy*.

\* A high, nice, and just Compliment the Author pays to the Duke of *Marlborough's* Daughters.

51. 19. *Sir Scrape-Quill* ——— Any UPSTART in the City, or at Court.

23. *Spadillio*: A Footman, who has got an Estate: I suppose the Author means Mr *A——r M——re*.

52. 6. *Shall for* \* *H—*, a greater † *M——* find.

\* *Hesse*, the late Prince of *Hesse Darmstadt*.

† *Mordaunt*, the Earl of *Peterborough* and *Monmouth*, who took *Barcelona*, after the Death of the Prince of *Hesse*.

CANTO





## CANTO V.

Pag. Ver.

56. 15.

56. 19.



I RMILLO, Dr Gibbons.

Have I made \* S——th,  
and † Sh——ck disagree.

\* Dr South, Prebendary of Westminster, and † Dr Sherlock, late Dean of St Paul's, and Master of the Temple, who wrote against one another about the TRINITY; and so managed the Controversy, that the Public were of Opinion, That the first proved there is but one GOD; and the other, That there are Three. The Dispute was ridiculed in a Ballad, to the Tune of *A Soldier and a Sailor*, &c. and which begins thus,

Pag. Ver.

*A Dean and Prebendary,  
Had once a new Vagary, &c.*

56. 21. F———son, Ferguson, the famous Plot-  
monger.

57 3. Mirmillo, Dr Gibbons.

57 4. Querpo, Dr How.

57 21. Let † P—— speak, and \* V——g write.

† The Earl of Peterborough.

\* Sir John Vanbrugh, A Gentleman much  
cry'd up for his Dramatic Pieces,  
when the *Dispensary* was first writ; but  
who has since turned his Genius to *Ar-  
chitecture*.

50 25. Had \* C———h printed nothing of his  
own,

26. He had not been the † S———fold of the  
Town.

\* Dr Colebatch.

† Saffold, a celebrated Empiric, whose Bills  
were formerly set up in all public *Diu-  
retic* Places in *London* and *Westminster*,  
to the great Comfort and Entertainment  
of idle Country Folks.

*Had*



Pag. Ver.

58. 1. Had † W—— never aim'd in Verse to please.

† Mr *Westley*, a Divine, who has wrote a great deal of *Holy Doggrel*.

2. *Ogilby's*: Mr *Ogilby* would have perhaps got some Reputation, if he had aspired no higher than *Reynard the Fox*: But having ventur'd to translate in Verse the sublimest *Latin* Poets, his Name will, as long as the *English* Tongue lives, signify a *Poetafter*.

8. And to a \* B——ly 'tis we owe a † B——le.

\* Dr *Bentley*, Keeper of the Royal Library.

† *Charles Boyle*, the late Earl of *Orrery*.

Towards the close of the last Century, there arose a Dispute between those two Gentlemen about the Epistles of *Phalaris*, which was maintained with a great deal of *Urbanity* and *good Manners* on one Side, and with equal *Sufficiency* and *Pedantry* on the other Side.

39. 9. { Mirmillo: }  
18. { ——— } Dr *Gibbons*.

Pag. Ver.

59. 21. Querpo: Dr How.

23. By *Mulciber the Mayor of Bromingham.*

Every one knows that *Mulciber* was one of the Heathen Gods, otherwise called *Vulcan*; but 'tis the Opinion of many, that our Poet means here Mr *Tho. Foley*, a Lawyer of notable Parts.

60. 13. { Querpo: } Dr How.  
 25. { ——— }

19. Querpoides: Dr How's Son.

26. Carus: Dr Tyfon.

61. 26. Querpo: Dr How.

62. 20. That \* P——k's Works, and † O——d's  
*Valour tells.*

\* The Earl of *Pembroke.*† The Duke of *Ormond.*

21. How Truth in \* B——, how in † C——th  
*reigns.*

\* *Burnet*: The late Bishop of *Sarum.*† *Cavendish*: The Duke of *Devonshire.*

If

Pag. Ver.

62. 24. *If* † W—— *plead, or* \* S—— *or* || O——ly  
*preach.*

† Sir *Frantis Winnington.*

\* Dr *South.*

|| Dr *Only, Minister of St Margaret's.*

28. Stentor, Dr *Goodall, of the Charter-house.*

63. 1. Machaon, Sir *Tho. Millington, Prefident of*  
*the College of Phyficians.*

65. 6. Stentor, Dr *Goodall.*

7. Carus, Dr *Tyson.*

8. Colon: Mr *Lee.*

Sertorious: a *Phyſician.*

12. Chiron: *Gill.*

Talthibius, Another *Phyſician.*

16. Pſylas: Dr *Chamberlune, Man-Midwife.*

Hermes]



Pag. Ver.

65. 29. Hermes. A Physician.
66. 3. Trismegists. Two other Physicians.
19. Stentor : Dr *Goodall*.
20. Querpo : Dr *How*.
67. 4. Querpoides : Dr *How's* Son.
68. 15. The Hero : Dr. *How*.



CANTO



## CANTO VI.

Pag. Ver.  
71. 6.



ND borrow \* C——'s  
Shape, and † G——'s  
Air.

\* Cecil: The late Countess of Salisbury.

† The Duchess of Grafton.

7. Her Eye like \* R——gh's their Beams dispense.

\* The Countess of Ranelagh.

With

Pag. Ver.

71. 8. *With* \* C——ll's *Bloom*, and † B——ley  
*Innocence.*

\* *Churchill*, one of the Duke of Marlborough's Daughters.

† The Countess of *Berkley*.

12. *Machaon* : Sir *Tho. Millington*.

72. 5. { *Celsus* : }  
 9. { ——— } *Dr Bateman*, a Physician.

18. *Strimonia Squadron* : i. e. the *Cranes*.

19. *The Delegates* : }  
 27. *Heav'nly Guide*. } *Dr Bateman*.

75. 7. *Hygeia*, the Goddess's *Health*.

8. *Celsus* : *Dr Bateman*.

20. *Copious M———* : *Dr Moore*.

77. 5. { *Celsus* : }  
 25. { ——— } *Dr Bateman*.

*Guaiacum*



ag. Ver.

78. 2. Guaiacum : Mr *Hobbs*, Surgeon.11. Celsus : Dr *Bateman*.28. *Bless'd* Harvey : The late famous Dr *Harvey*, who compleated the Discovery of the *Circulation of the Blood*.79. 6. Celsus : }  
24. Delegate : } Dr *Bateman*.

80.	7. Olivia :	} Whoever has the least Knowledge of the Town, and <i>Beau Monde</i> , will easily know where to fix these 3 <i>fictitious Names</i> .
81.	5. Rufilla :	
	7. Cælia :	

29. *Hygeia Health*.82. 21. Willis : Dr *Willis*.

25. Wharton, Bates, and Glisson : Three Doctors of Physic.

83. 1. *Your Charge* : Dr *Bateman*.*Matchless*

Pag. Ver.

83. 3. *Matchless Atticus* : The Lord Somers, then  
Lord Chancellor.

4. Great *NASSAU*: The late KING  
*WILLIAM*.

84. 1. *Would Phœbus, or his \* G——le, but  
inspire.*

\* *Granville*, the present Lord *Lansdowne*.

25. *Celsus* : Dr *Bateman*.



V E R S E S

---

VERSES omitted in the late Editions  
of the *Dispensary*.

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Canto I. Page 5. after *Impudence to S——e*,  
line 10, add

W H Y *Atticus* polite, *Brutus* severe,  
Why *Me——n* muddy, *M——gue* why  
clear ?

*Ibid.* Page 9. after *and thus went on*. line 26.

Sometimes among the *Caspian* Cliffs I creep,  
Where solitary Bats and Swallows sleep:  
Or if some Cloyster's Refuge I implore,  
Where holy Drones o'er dying Tapers snore;  
Still *Nassau's* Arms a soft Repose deny,  
Keep me awake, and follow where I fly.

Since he has blest'd the weary World with Peace,  
And with a Nod has bid *Bellona* cease;  
I fought the Covert of some peaceful Cell,  
Where silent Shades in harmless Raptures dwell;  
That Rest might past Tranquillity restore,  
And Mortal never interrupt me more.



*Canto II. Page 15. after unrelenting Storm.  
line 18, add*

Then she: Alas! how long in vain have I  
 Aim'd at those noble Ills the Fates deny :  
 Within this Isle for ever must I find  
 Disasters to distract my restless Mind?  
 Good *Tillotson's* Celestial Piety  
 At last has rais'd him to the Sacred See.  
*Somers* does sick'ning Equity restore,  
 And helpless Orphans are oppress'd no more.  
*Pembroke* to *Britain* endless Blessings brings;  
 He spoke; and Peace clapp'd her Triumphant Wings :  
 Great *Ormond* shines illustriously bright  
 With Blazes of Hereditary Right.  
 The noble Ardour of a Royal Fire  
 Inspires the generous Breat of *D — re.*  
 And *M — d* is active to defend  
 His Country with the Zeal he loves his Friend.  
 Like *Leda's* radiant Sons divinely clear,  
*P — land* and *J — sey* deck'd in Rays appear,  
 To gild by Turns the *Gallic* Hemisphere.  
 Worth in Distress is rais'd by *Montague*,  
*Augustus* listens if *Mæcenæ* sue.  
 And *Ve — n's* Vigilance no Slumber takes,  
 Whilst Faction peeps abroad, and Anarchy awakes.

*Canto III. Page 28. after discern each Hour :  
line 29, add*

Thou that would'st lay whole *States* and *Regions* waste,  
 Sooner than we thy *Cormorants* should fast;

*Canto*

*Canto III.* Page 31. after *Spring and Fall.*  
line 12, add

But now late Jars our Practices detect,  
For Mines, when once discover'd, lose th'Effect.  
Diffensions, like small Streams, are first begun,  
Scarce seen they rise, but gather as they run.  
So Lines that from their Parallel decline,  
More they advance, the more they still disjoin.  
'Tis therefore my Advice, in haste we send,  
And beg the Faculty to be our Friend.  
As he revolving stood to say the rest,  
Rough *Colocynthis* thus his Rage exprest.

*Canto IV.* Page 46. after *amorous Fire.*  
line 27, add

The *Tyber* now no gentle *Gallus* sees,  
But smiling *Thames* enjoys her \* *Normanbys*.

*Canto V.* Page 63. after *Foes, or die.* line  
10, add

What Stentor offer'd was by most approv'd ;  
But sev'ral Voices sev'ral Methods mov'd.  
At length th' advent'rous *Heroes* all agree  
T' expect the Foe, and act offensively.  
Into the Shop their bold *Battalions* move,  
And what their Chief commands, the rest approve.  
Down from the *Walls* they tear the *Shelves* in haste,  
Which on their Flank for Pallisades are plac'd ;  
And then, behind the Compter rang'd they stand,  
Their Front so well secur'd t' obey Command.

\* John Sheffield, *Duke of Buckingham*.

And now the Scouts the adverse Host descry,  
 Blue Aprons in the Air for Colours fly :  
 With unresisted Force they urge their way,  
 And find the Foe embattel'd in Array.

*Canto V. Page 67. after wink at Heresy,*  
 line 26, add

Faith stand unmov'd thro' *Stillingfleet's* Defence,  
 And *Locke* for Mystery abandon Sense.







A  
P R O L O G U E

To the TRAGEDY of

*TAMERLANE,*

Spoken on the *IRISH* THEATRE by

Mr *MOORE*;

Written by Dr *GARTH*.



**T**O Day a Mighty Monarch comes to  
warm  
Your curdling Blood, and bids You,  
Britons, arm.

To Valour much he owes, to Virtue more,  
He fights to save, and conquers to restore:

*He strains no Text, nor makes Dragoons persuade,  
 He likes Religion, but he hates the Trade ;  
 Born for Mankind, they by his Labours live ;  
 Their Property is his Prerogative :*

*His Sword destroys less than his Mercy saves,  
 And none, except his Passions, are his Slaves.  
 Such, Britons ! is the PRINCE that you possess,  
 In Council greatest, and in Camp no less ;  
 Brave, but not cruel, Wise without Deceit,  
 Born for an Age, curs'd with a Bajazet :  
 But you disdaining to be too secure,  
 Ask his Protection, and yet grudge his Power.  
 With you a Monarch's Right is in Dispute,  
 Who gives Supplies are only Absolute :  
 Britons ! For shame your factious Feuds decline,  
 Too' long you've labour'd for a Bourbon Line :  
 Assert lost Rights, an Austrian Prince alone  
 Is born to nod upon the Spanish Throne ;  
 A Cause no less could on great EUGENE call ;  
 Steep Alpine Rocks require an Hannibal :  
 He shews You your lost Honour to retrieve,  
 Our Troops will fight when once the Senate give.*

*Quit*

*Quit your Cabals and Factions, and, in spite  
 Of WHIG and TORY, in this Cause unite;  
 One Vote will then send Anjou back to France,  
 There let the Meteor end his airy Dance;  
 Else to the Mantuan Soil he may repair,  
 (E'en abdicated Gods were Latium's Care,)  
 At worst he'll find some Cornish Borough here.*

}  
 }  
 }



*To the Lady LOUISA LENOS, with  
Ovid's Epistles.*

By *Dr GARTH.*

**I**N moving Lines these few Epistles tell  
What Fate attends the Nymph who likes too well :  
How faintly the successful Lovers burn ;  
And their neglected Charms how Ladies mourn.  
The Fair you'll find, when soft Intreaties fail,  
Assert their uncontested Right, and rail.  
Too soon they listen, and repent too late ;  
'Tis sure they Love, whene'er they strive to Hate.  
Their Sex or proudly shuns, or poorly craves ;  
Commencing Tyrants, and concluding Slaves.

In diff'ring Breasts what diff'ring Passions glow !  
Ours kindle quick, but yours extinguish slow.  
The Fire we boast, with Force uncertain burns,  
And breaks but out as Appetite returns :  
But yours, like Incense, mounts by soft Degrees,  
And in a fragrant Flame consumes to please.

Your Sex, in all that can engage, excell ;  
And ours in Patience, and persuading well.  
Impartial Nature equally decrees :  
You have your Pride, and we our Perjuries.  
Tho' form'd to conquer, yet too oft you fall  
By giving Nothing, or by granting All.

But



But, Madam, long will your unpractis'd Years  
 Smile at the Tale of Lover's Hopes and Fears.  
 Tho' Infant Graces sooth your gentle Hours,  
 More soft than Sighs, more sweet than breathing  
 (Flowers,  
 Let rash Admirers your keen Light'ning fear;  
 'Tis bright at Distance, but destroys if near.

The Time e'er long, if Verse presage, will come,  
 Your Charms shall open in full \* *Brudenal* Bloom.  
 All Eyes shall gaze, all Hearts shall Homage vow,  
 And not a Lover languish, but for you.  
 The Muse shall string her Lyre, with Garlands crown'd,  
 And each bright Nymph shall sicken at the Sound.

So when *Aurora* first salutes the Sight,  
 Pleas'd we behold the tender dawn of Light;  
 But when with riper Red she warms the Skies,  
 In circling Throngs the wing'd Musicians rise,  
 And the gay Groves rejoice in Symphonies:  
 Each pearly Flow'r with painted Beauty shines;  
 And ev'ry Star it's fading Fire relights.

\* This Lady was Daughter of *Charles Lenox* Duke of  
*Richmond*, and *Anne* eldest Daughter of *Francis* Lord *Brudenal*,  
 Son of *Robert* Earl of *Cardigan*.

PROLOGUE *to the Music Meeting* in YORK-BUILDINGS.

By *Dr GARTH.*

WHERE Music and more pow'rful Beauties  
(reign)

Who can support the Pleasure and the Pain?  
Here their soft Magic those two Syrens try,  
And if we listen, or but look, we die.  
Why should we then the wond'rous Tales admire,  
Of *Orpheus*' Numbers, or *Amphion*'s Lyre?  
Behold this Scene of Beauty, and confess  
The Wonder greater and the Fiction less.  
Like human Victims here we are decreed  
To worship those bright Altars where we bleed.  
Who braves his Fate in Fields, must tremble here;  
Triumphant Love more Vassals makes than Fear.  
No Faction Homage to the Fair denies,  
The Right Divine's apparent in their Eyes.  
The Empire's fix'd, that's founded in Desire;  
Those Fires the Vestals guard can ne'er expire.

EPILOGUE to the Tragedy of *CATO.*

By *Dr GARTH.*

Spoken by Mrs PORTER.

WHAT odd fantastic Things we Women do!  
Who wou'd not listen when young Lovers }  
woo? }

But die a Maid, yet have the Choice of two!  
Ladies are often cruel to their Cost;  
To give you Pain, themselves they punish most.

Vows

Vows of Virginity shou'd well be weigh'd ;  
 Too oft they're cancell'd, tho' in Convents made.  
 Wou'd you revenge such rash Resolves——you may :  
 Be spiteful —— and believe the Thing we say,  
 We hate you when you're easily said nay ;  
 How needless, if you knew us, were your Fears ?  
 Let Love have Eyes, and Beauty will have Ears.  
 Our Hearts are form'd as you yourselves would chuse,  
 Too proud to ask, too humble to refuse :  
 We give to Merit, and to Wealth we sell ;  
 He sighs with most Success that settles well.  
 The Woes of Wedlock with the Joys we mix ;  
 Tis best repenting in a Coach and Six.

Blame not our Conduct, since we but pursue  
 Those lively Lessons we have learn'd from you :  
 Your Breasts no more the Fire of Beauty warms,  
 But wicked Wealth usurps the Power of Charms ;  
 What Pains to get the gaudy Thing you hate,  
 To swell in Show, and be a Wretch in State !  
 At Plays you ogle, at the Ring you bow ;  
 Even Churches are no Sanctuaries now ;  
 There golden Idols all your Vows receive ;  
 She is no Goddess that has nought to give.

Oh ! may once more the happy Age appear,  
 When Words were artless, and the Thoughts sincere ;  
 When Gold and Grandeur were unenvy'd Things,  
 And Courts less coveted than Groves and Springs.  
 Love then shall only mourn when Truth complains,  
 And Constancy sell transport in it's Chains.  
 Sighs with Success their own soft Anguish tell,  
 And Eyes shall utter what the Lips conceal :  
 Virtue again to it's bright Station climb,  
 And Beauty fear no Enemy but Time :  
 The Fair shall listen to Desert alone  
 And every *Lucia* find a *Cato's* Son.



VERSES sent to Dr GARTH in his  
*Illness*, by Mr GRANVILLE, now Lord  
 LANSDOWN.

**M**ACHAON sick! in every Face we find  
 His Danger is the Danger of Mankind;  
 Whose Art protecting, Nature could expire,  
 But by a Deluge, or the general Fire.

More Lives he saves than perish in our Wars;  
 And, faster than a Plague destroys, repairs.  
 The bold Carouser, and th' advent'rous Dame,  
 Nor fear the Fever, nor refuse the Flame;  
 Safe in his Skill, from all Restraint set free,  
 But conscious Shame, Remorse, or Piety.

Sire of all Arts, defend thy darling Son,  
 Restore the Man, whose Life's so much our own;  
 On whom, like *Atlas*, the whole World's reclin'd;  
 And by preserving GARTH, preserve Mankind.

F I N I S.





